

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of Essex his death.
To the tune of, *Essex last goodnight.*

153.



All you that cry, O hone O, hone,
come now and sing, O Lord with me,
For why our Jewell is from vs gone,
the valiant knight of Chivalry:
Of rich and poore beloved was he,
in time an honourable knight:
When by our Lawes condemned was he,
and lately tooke his last good-night.
Count him not like to Campion,
(these traitorous men) of Babington,
For like the Gale of Westmerland,
by whom a number were undone:
He neuer yet hurt another's son,
his quarrell still maintain'd the right,
Which makes the teares my cheekes down run
when I thinke on his last good-night.
The Portugals can witnesse be,
his Dagger at Lisbon gate he hung:
And like a knight of Chivalry,
his Chaine upon the same he hung:
Would God that he would thither come,
to fetch them both in honoz right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
yet lately tooke his last good-night.
The Frenchmen they can testifie,
the Colours of Gourney he took in,
And march'd to Roane immediately,
not caring for his foes a pin:
With bullets then he pierc'd their skin,
and made them flee farre from his sight,
He at that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his last good-night.
And safely Cales can witnesse well,
even by his Proclamation right:
He did command them all straightly,
to haue a care of Infants liues:
That none should ransome paid nor wile,
which was against their order right,
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
which lately tooke his last good-night.

Would God he had nere Ireland knowne,
nor set his feet on Flanders ground:
Then might we well enjoy our owne,
where now our Jewell will not be found,
Which makes our woes still to abound,
trickling with salt teares in our sight,
To heare his name in our eares to sound,
Lord *Deuereux* rooke his last good-night,
Ashwensday on that small day,
when he came forth of his chamber doore
Upon a scaffold there he stode,
his headman standing him before,
The Nobles all they did deplore,
shedding their salt teares in his sight,
He said farewell to rich and poore,
at his good-morrow and good-night:
O Lord, quoth he, you stand but by,
to see performance of the Law,
It's I that haue deseru'd to die,
and yeeld my life vnto the bloe,
I haue deseru'd to die, I knowe,
but nere against my Countries right,
Nor to my Queene was neuer foe,
vpon my death at my good-night.
Farewell Elizabeth my gracious Queene,
God blasse thee and thy Councell all:
Farewell you knights of Chivalry,
farewell my souldiers stout and tall,
Farewell the Commons great and small,
into the hands of men I light,
My life shall make amends for all,
for Essex bids the world good-night.
Farewell deare wife and children three,
farewell my young and tender son,
Comfort your selues, wourne not for me,
although your fall be now begun:
My time is come the glasse is run,
comfort your selues in soomer light,
Seeing by my fall you are undone,
your father bids the world good-night.
Derick, thou knowest, at Cales I staid
thy life, lost for a Rape there done,
Which thou thy selfe canst testifie,
thine owne hand thye and twenty bring,
But now thou seest my life is come,
by chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out the bloe that I may knowe,
thou Essex lou'd at his good-night.
When England counted me a Papist,
the works of Papists I despise,
I nere worshipt Saint, nor Angell in heauen
nor to the Virgin Mary I,
But to Christ, which for my sinnes did die,
trickling with sad teares in his sight,
Spredding my armes to God on high,
Lord Iesus receiue my soule this night.

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